The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

My Little Dog.*

My little dog is a darling pet,
And you'll like to know his name;
I call him Boz, or Bozzy dear,
Which means, you know, the same.

He's very small, though three years old,
And will no larger grow;
His pretty curls are soft as silk,
And white as falling snow.

He has such handsome, bright buff ears,
Such loving, dark brown eyes;
And then he looks so knowingly,
I think him wondrous wise.

His long white tail curls o'er his back,
And falls like snowy feather.
Old puss and Boz are best of friends,
They frolic much together.

They do not quarrel, — no, indeed!
From the same cup they eat;
Then pussy, with her long, rough tongue,
Will wash his ears and feet.

The little rogue will bite her tail,
And chase puss round the yard;
Then if she turn and box his ears,
Their play is rather hard.

There's nothing of the snarling cur
About my pretty pet;
He's pleasant and obedient,
And does not whine nor fret.

The larger dogs love Bozzy well;
He oft invites one home,
And then he'll hunt so busily
To find his friend a bone.

He will not be imposed upon,
He can speak loud and sharp;
The sound of sleigh-bells he dislikes, —
They always make him bark.

You're glad to know that Bozzy loves
Good little boys and girls;
He'll kiss their hands so cunningly
While they play with his curls.

And then he loves his mistress, too;
The happy little sprite
Would always wish, I'm very sure,
To keep her in his sight.

Bozzy has very many friends
Who love and pet him well;
And do you know the reason why?
If not, I'll quickly tell.

It is with little dogs, you know, —
And 'tis with children too, —
Those have the most and kindest friends
Who are gentle, good and true.

Then here's a lesson all may learn
From this story of my pet, —
Gentle and truthful ever be,
And do not tease nor fret.

* See Illustration on page 101.

For the Myrtle.

Nanzette a Princess.

PART SECOND.

"THE queen wishes to see you before you are dressed," said the nurse. So she took Nanzette in her arms and carried her through the long halls until they came to the room of the queen, where the nurse placed Nanzette upon the bed.

"Ah! your dress is becoming," said the queen; and she kissed the little girl. "Where did you get that beautiful ornament?" for the white blossoms of the fairies had become a diamond star, much finer than any possessed by the queen.

"The fairies gave it to me last night and called it Hope," said Nanzette, "but then it was pretty white flowers."

"Fairies!" said the queen. "I have heard that in the hands of the good and innocent their gifts always become of priceless value, but in the hands of the evil and impure they turn to charcoal. Tell me all about it, darling."

So Nanzette told the queen how Spud had

taken her to fairy-land; how the fairies were employed and what they had given her.

"Ah! that is beautiful!" said the queen. "You are a favored child."

A confused noise came up from the court below, and the queen sent a maid to see what was the matter. She returned saying that it was only some peasants who entreated to be allowed to see the queen. She sent for them, and Henrick and Alsyne appeared.

They fell upon their knees before the queen, and begged her to give them their child. They brought the fairy basket and pitcher, and their heirloom, the old silver sugar-bowl — their only treasures — and begged the queen to take them in exchange for their little darling.

Nanzette, overjoyed, threw herself into her mother's arms.

The aunt of the queen, who was present, seized the silver sugar-bowl and cream pitcher, and with great emotion inquired how they came in their possession. They informed her, and she went into the treasury and brought some ancient silver ware exactly corresponding.

"About two hundred years ago," said she, "one of our royal race disappeared. She fled with a lover, whom she married, but their retreat was never discovered. She carried away with her an heirloom of the family, an old silver sugar-bowl, the description of which exactly corresponds to this. The records say that the person in whose hands it is found is the next in succession to the throne. Years after, the silver pitcher disappeared, and neither have since been heard from. Ill luck has followed the realm since that time and misfortune the royal family. Their Guardian Angel seems to have departed."

As she spoke, a tinkling sound was heard from the sugar-bowl; the cover slowly raised, and Spud's good-natured face appeared. He stepped out and greeted the people: "I am Spud, the fairy guardian of your royal race. I foresaw that the time would come when that race would become extinct unless I followed the fortunes of the fugitive princess two hundred years ago. So I placed myself in the sugar-bowl which she took with her. Some time after, I carried the pitcher to fairy-land, and had it filled with fairy cream, as a means of sometime bringing the family together again. I have guarded and kept pure this branch of the race, and now present to you your true princess, the genuine heir, after the present queen"; and he took little Nanzette by the hand.

The astonishment and delight of the queen were great, for she had been much troubled because she had no natural successor, and she could not endure the thought of the royal race becoming extinct. So she sprang up and embraced Alsyne, and welcomed her as a sister, and took little Nanzette in her arms and kissed her and called her her own dear little child.

"But am I not, then, to go home with my mamma?" inquired Nanzette anxiously.

"Yes," said Henrick, who had felt great suffering at being separated from his child for a single night. "God willing, you shall never leave us again."

"You must all stay with me," said the queen. "Alsyne and Nanzette are of the royal race, and after me all my possessions will be for them. For their sake, although a peasant, Henrick shall be amply provided for, and treated with honor."

"Nay, nay," said Henrick; "it is my wife and child of whom you speak. You mean well, no doubt," he said, bowing with dignity to the queen; "but our education has not fitted us for the life of a court. We will return to our own dwelling, where our good house fairy has made ample provision for us, and where the relatives of my wife will be always welcome."

"He speaks like a king," said the aunt of the queen.

"He should always do so," said Spud; "for the noble blood of the *Vikings* flows in his veins."

"Is it so?" said the queen, rising in homage; for the Vikings were a more ancient race than her own. "Forgive me if I have not understood this. I will send for the best architects in my kingdom to erect a palace worthy of a Viking."

"That is not necessary," said Spud, "for the palace is already constructed. Fairy architects have been employed for a long time upon a noble structure, worthy the descendants of a noble race."

"I will attend to the furnishing in a right royal manner," said the queen. "I must be allowed to benefit in some way my new-found relations."

"That you may do," said Spud, "but not as you wish. The house must be furnished no faster than the minds of its occupants. You

may provide experienced teachers to assist them in furnishing the mind with all necessary knowledge. Ideas, not words, are what they need; and as each department of the mind becomes furnished, we will attend to the corresponding rooms of the house. You may also provide suitable attendants."

"May I not have them clothed according to their rank?" asked the queen.

"Henrick and Alsyne will not feel at home in purple and velvet," said Spud. "Accustom them gradually to rich clothing — but it is better for even a queen to dress simply and plainly. 'A meek and quiet spirit' is the richest ornament."

Now the queen had kept a number of persons sewing all night to prepare a pretty suit for little Nanzette, and she felt a pleasant excitement at the thought of seeing her wear it; so Nanzette was sent away to be dressed. And she had a large chest of clothing, which had lately arrived for herself, opened, and selected a fine dark blue cloth suit with gold buttons for Alsyne, who was about her own size and of a fair complexion. Then Henrick was sent away under the charge of an attendant, to be provided with plain but fine clothing; and the queen felt so happy and strong that she was able to rise and be dressed herself.

It was a very happy party that assembled around the table that morning in the queen's breakfast room. Henrick, feeling proud and shy in his new suit; Alsyne, "looking every inch a duchess," as her maid said, and who really appeared much more at ease than was expected in her pretty robe, and who laughed showing her white teeth and dimples with delight at the change, and chatted as simply and innocently as a child, to the great delight of the queen; little Nanzette in white embroidered merino, her diamond star pinning her sash, her plump arms and shoulders bare, felt only half-dressed, and was really so shy at having her arms exposed that the nurse had to put on a sack of flannel to put her at ease.

After breakfast was over, the six white horses with the royal coach came to the door, for the good queen was anxious to see the work of the fairy architects.

"Never leave me behind," shouted Spud from his sugar-bowl; "and bring along your cream pitcher and apple basket, for you must dine with me at the new house."

The queen made Alsyne sit by her side, with Henrick and Nanzette opposite, and thus they rode through the town, out into the country, and right by the house of neighbor Carl. Carl's wife stood at the door in her brown apron as they rode by, and Alsyne bowed and laughed good-humoredly at her astonished face.

But her own face assumed the same look of astonishment when she saw the change that had been made in her little dwelling. The hut had been completely metamorphosed, and was now a beautiful structure with walls of snowy marble, and floral decorations everywhere. They entered under an arch of roses in full bloom, for they had been transplanted from fairy land. They found beautiful parlors ornamented with flowers, which Spud said grew from the blessings of the poor whom they had fed with their fairy gifts, but which had no other furniture. The halls, too, were unfurnished, but the bedrooms were all ready for use, and in the dining-room was spread a feast at which Spud did the honors as host, and where they were served by a troup of fairy attendants. The table was beautifully spread with flowers and fruit all fresh from fairy-land, and the queen was so much delighted with everything that she saw, and so charmed with the grace and beauty of the fairies, that she expressed her determination to spend half of her time in that delightful retreat with her relatives.

Henrick and Alsyne did not forget the poor, now that they had become great people, but remained the same good, generous, kind and happy souls as long as they lived, and of course their good fortune never left them. They sought and obtained a good education both for themselves and their little Nanzette, who in process of time inherited the throne, and became a wise and kind queen, very much beloved by all her subjects.

A Word to Boys.

Begin in early life to collect libraries of your own. Begin with a single book; and when you hear of any first-rate book, obtain it if you can. After a while obtain another, as you are able, and be sure to read it. Take the best care of your books; and in this way, when you are men, you will have good libraries in your heads as well as on your shelves.

For the Myrtle.

Fairy Gifts.

"LIZZIE, Lizzie," called Mrs. Wait, as she stood at her kitchen door; but no Lizzie answered.

Lizzie Wait was not a very large girl, to be sure, but she could do many things to help her mother. She could wash and wipe the dishes very nicely, could set the table, and could run of errands, and in many ways help her mother very much. And generally she was a very thoughtful child and willing to help her mother; but books were a great temptation to Lizzie, and she often disappeared very mysteriously when left with some task to do, and it must be said the task was not always done in the best manner.

Just now she had a new book — a very bewitching book, full of wonderful stories — and her mother had left her to do up the dinner dishes, and clear up the room, while she was busy in another part of the house. Now Lizzie could do this work very nicely; but just now her thoughts were on her book, and she only wished to get the work done as soon as possible, and I am sorry to say that when her mother came into the kitchen, she found it in a most unsatisfactory condition, and Lizzie had vanished.

She had left a cup standing in one place, a saucer in another, the glasses were dull and streaked, the knives were not half cleaned, and the floor was not swept at all. Mrs. Wait sighed as she looked around, for she had been at work all day and was very tired, and it grieved her that her little girl should be so careless about her work and so thoughtless of her mother. At first she thought she had not finished, and was coming back directly; but when she called her, and no one answered, she knew very well where she had gone. Stepping into the garden, she walked down a long, shady path till she came to a large oak tree.

Under this tree sat Lizzie. She had brought her pet rabbit with her, but so intent was she upon the book she was reading, it lay unnoticed upon her lap.

"Lizzie," said her mother, and Lizzie looked up. I think she was so interested in her reading she did not notice her mother's tired face. She came and sat down behind her on a wooden seat placed under the tree.

"This is a nice, comfortable place," said her mother.

"Yes," said Lizzie, "and I've had such a nice time. I've been reading about a little girl whose mother sent her, one summer day, to take care of her grandmother. It wasn't little Red Riding-Hood; this little girl's name was Mabel. Before she went, her mother told her what she must do for her grandmother, — that she must set the table, and feed the dog and the bird, and make the bed, and fetch some wood and water. I guess she was about as big as I, because I could do all these things. But the funniest thing, mother, was this, — it was the day that all the fairies came out of fairy-land, and her mother told her that for fear she should offend them she mustn't pull any flower, nor break any bough, nor she mustn't go roaming up and down like idle children, and when she went for water she must be very careful and not spill any, because the queen drank out of the well.

The little girl went off to her grandmother's, and when she got there she sent her of lots of errands; but first she did what her mother told her. She swept up the room, and fed the dog and bird, and made the bed. Then her grandmother sent her down to the well for water.

The first time she didn't see anything; the next time she saw a sky-blue bird sitting on a tree; and the next time she saw a small lady all dressed in green and white. Mabel made her a curtsey, because her mother had told her to be polite to the fairies, and she thought this must be a fairy. And sure enough she was, and she told her she was a handy maiden because she had not spilled the water, and she would give her a better gift than houses or lands. It was this:

'Thou shalt do well whate'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day;
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved alway.'

Then the lady went out of sight, and she saw nothing but the sky-blue bird.

Then her grandmother sent her for faggots. They are little dead sticks of wood, aren't they, mother?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, she remembered that her mother had told her that she mustn't pull any live branches;

so she filled her apron with the dead ones, or faggots. All this time the brownies — they are fairies, too — were watching her, and they talked about her, and one said she was 'small and neat,' another that she had on a 'blue gown,' and another that 'she had a kerchief on her head,' and 'little shoes,' — wasn't it funny, mother? — and because they liked her that she had done no mischief, they dropped a luck-penny in her path. She picked it up, for a fairy penny brings good luck.

When she got back to her grandmother's, she sent her down to the glen to milk the mother-ewe. She remembered what her mother had told her, that she musn't break any living flower; so, though there were lots of pretty ones around, she didn't touch them, but just did what her grandmother sent her to do. Down in the glen were thousands of fairies, and she could hear them talking about her; and they praised her because, though she was a human child, she didn't take any of the flowers. And one said they would give her a fairy cake, but the others said they would give her the last thing she wished. So, mother, you see she had three fairy gifts. One was what the lady gave her, that she should be loved alway; the other was the fairy penny the brownies gave her, that would

'Buy her clothes of the very best,
For many and many a year';

and the other was to grant a wish. Isn't it a nice story, mother?"

"It is, my dear; but have you thought, Lizzie, how it was that she came to have these three gifts?"

Lizzie thought a moment.

"Why, yes, mother; it was because she did just what her mother told her to do."

"Certainly, my child; and not only that, but she did it just *as* her mother told her. If when she went for the water she had been in a great hurry to do something else, and had been careless and spilled the water, or broken the pitcher, then she would not have had the first gift, to be loved alway; if when she went to the wood she had got her faggots, and then gone roaming up and down like an idle child, instead of going back to her grandmother's, the brownies would not have given her the fairy penny; if when she went down to the glen she had pulled the flowers, the fairies would not have granted her a wish. So you see she not only did what her mother told her, but she did it in the best way. That was what made Mabel such a good girl; for, my child, it is the next thing to disobedience to do a thing in a careless and hasty manner. Do you understand me, my dear?"

Lizzie hung her head. "Yes, mother. I am very sorry; but I was in such a hurry to read my book, and I kept thinking how cool and nice it was under the tree, and I just got the things done as quick as I could."

"But it would have taken you but a little while longer to have done the work well, and I should have felt much happier when I came to the kitchen to see it neat and tidy, as I know you can make it if you try."

The tears came to Lizzie's eyes as she sat stroking the rabbit in her lap, but her mother didn't say any more to her.

In a few minutes Lizzie brushed away her tears, and starting up, walked very fast towards the house. In a little while her mother followed her. When she got there she found the scattered dishes had been all put away, the knives nicely scoured, and Lizzie, with broom in hand, was sweeping up the floor. As her mother entered, she looked up with a bright smile.

"I am going," she said, "to be a handy maiden, and whether the fairies give me gifts or not, I know my mother will love me alway, which is better."

"The best gift you can have, my dear, is the knowing you have done well what is given you to do; and that gift is in your own power to bestow."

The Rose and Dewdrop.

A dewdrop fell on a rose in bloom
That filled the air with its sweet perfume,
And sought to rest, for it came from afar,
On the shining beams of a silver star;
But the rose uplifted her head in pride,
And cast the lowly dewdrop aside.

The sun broke forth with a burning ray
That withered the rose and dried it away,
And the wind went by on his daily round,
And shook its faded leaves to the ground;
But the dewdrop fled through the pearly sky,
And hung in the rainbow's crest on high.

When the beggar comes to sue at thy gate,
Oh, spurn him not in thine high estate;
But let thy doors fly open as wide
As if a monarch were there in his pride,
Lest a hand appear, and write on the wall,
And the beggar feast in thy banquet hall.

Good Words.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The School Street Society and Sunday School had their annual excursion June 21st. They went to Walden Pond.

—— The Sunday School in Worcester has been presented by A. W. Wilcox, of New Haven, Ct., with a valuable temple organ. It is a model instrument of its kind, comprising six stops, and cost $200.

—— Rev. S. L. Beal, of Westminster, writes thus of parish matters in his town: "We are alive, and the interest in our society and in our Sunday School is increasing. Eight persons were received into our church on the first Sunday in June."

—— The Worcester *Gazette* of the 10th inst. contains an interesting account of "Lily Sunday" in that city. Several churches held a floral service, — among them, the two Unitarian churches and the Universalist church. In all there were flowers in profusion and appropriate services. The Universalist church was richly and elaborately decorated. In the forenoon it was crowded with happy people. In the afternoon the thirtieth anniversary of the Sunday School was celebrated under the direction of Mr. William Mecorney, the superintendent. After Mr. O. T. Crawford, the librarian, and the superintendent, had read cheering reports, recitations and singing by the children followed, and then remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Framingham, Hon. Henry Chapin and Rev. Mr. St. John. At the close of the service, about one hundred of the teachers and scholars visited Hope Cemetery and laid floral offerings upon the grave of Miss Lydia Wilmarth, for many years a teacher in the school. By the grave, also, Rev. Mr. St. John offered prayer, and Mr. Mecorney and Mr. Seagrave made a few brief remarks; then, after singing a hymn, the company scattered to their homes.

—— Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute Home on Tremont Street. The children who were in the Home at the time — twenty-four — with Mr. and Mrs. Barry, who have been connected with the Home from its beginning, twenty-three years since, were invited out for an afternoon's enjoyment in the woods, by the teachers of the Unitarian Sunday School at Dorchester, Rev. T. J. Mumford's.

There was no set entertainment or exercises, but two swings and a hammock, which served for a swing on a fuller scale, proved most satisfactory to the little folks. A simple supper of bread and butter and cake completed the occasion. The children sang their songs, and all — young and old — found the hours full of happiness, rare in its simplicity.

The children surprised their entertainers by their happy, good behavior — no roughness nor rudeness, as might have been expected from such a motley group.

The playthings of the children of the family on whose grounds the picnic took place, were called for and greatly enjoyed, the visitors having full faith in an exhaustless supply of all desired things.

We give this notice, for we think it will be interesting to our readers. It was a most happy occasion to all.

MAINE.

—— One of the most interesting features of the Maine State Convention was the Children's Meeting on Wednesday afternoon.

—— In Freedom, Bro. James T. Carr, who came to us from the Baptists, has organized a Sunday School of thirty scholars.

CONNECTICUT.

—— The young people in the church at Hartford have organized a weekly prayer and conference meeting, which has been well attended.

—— Five societies and five Sunday Schools were represented at the Southern Association at Danbury, June 14th.

PENNSYLVANIA.

—— A Sunday School has been organized at Corry under the care of Bro. J. M. Getchell, of the Meadville Theological School.

OHIO.

—— At Springfield the services of church and Sunday School will be held in the City Hall for the present, as the old meeting-house is being remodelled.

TEXAS.

—— What one woman in Texas did. She started a Sunday School in a neighborhood in which a sermon had not been preached for forty years. She had only three scholars at first, but she persevered. Additional scholars came, until her Sunday School now averages forty in attendance and is increasing. Friends have come to her assistance and supplied the school with a library. As an evidence of the salutary influence of the school upon the moral interests of the community, the keeper of a grog-shop in the vicinity of the Sunday School has been induced to abandon his business and engage in farming.

Good for Evil.

One of our worthy ministers told us a good story the other day. It was about a man who shot his neighbor's cow, because the creature was found trespassing on his land. Soon after, the horse of this same man broke into the wheat-field of the man who owned the cow. The man's son ran to inform his father, supposing that vengeance would now be taken on the owner of the horse. Much to his disappointment, the son was ordered by the father to bridle the horse, and return him quietly to the neighbor, and inform him why he had sent him home. He did so; but as soon as the son had reached home again, the owner of the horse was there too. "I cannot stand this, neighbor," said he. "If you had killed my horse, as I did your cow, I should have thought but little of it; but I was not prepared for this — it is too much for me." His neighbor's way of revenge was the Christian way: "Overcome evil with good." The owner of the cow received a fair payment for his loss by the offending neighbor, and they had no trouble between them afterwards.

Why Jesus Came.

Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He came into this world because sinners were here. And he came to save them from their sins, the worst enemies they could possibly have. And how does he save them? By teaching them his truth; by imparting to them his spirit. His spirit is that of love to God and love to man. It is a spirit which overcomes sin, which drives it out of the heart. Jesus "did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." His whole life was sanctified by his love of the Father. If our hearts were thus sanctified we should not be inclined to sin. If we cannot be perfect now like Jesus, we can study him, and imbibe his spirit, and follow his example. Let us do so, and then we shall know something about salvation from sin.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XLVI.

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

"He must increase, but I must decrease."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. xiv. 6–12; Mark vi. 21–29.

Question. — What anniversary did Herod observe by a royal feast?

Answer. — Mark vi. 21.

NOTE. The Herod here mentioned was a son of Herod the Great who ordered the destruction of the children in the region of Bethlehem, soon after Christ was born. He was unscrupulous (Luke iii. 19), tyrannical (Luke xiii. 31), weak (Matt. xiv. 9), and cunning (Luke xiii. 32). His wife Herodias married Herod while her first husband, Phillip, Herod's half brother, was living. According to the law of Moses, if a man should die and leave a widow without children, a brother might marry her. But the first husband of Herodias was still living, and a daughter of hers danced before Herod. Therefore John said to Herod, "It is not lawful for Herodias to be your wife."

Q. — Who danced before Herod at the feast?

A. — Mark vi. 22.

Q. — What rash promise did Herod make to her?

A. — Mark vi. 22, 23.

Q. — Whom did she consult in respect to what she should ask?

A. — Mark vi. 24.

Q. — For what did her mother instruct her to ask?

A. — Mark vi. 24.

Q. — How was Herod affected by the request?

A. — Mark vi. 26.

NOTE. For the reason of Herodias' hatred of John see Mark vi. 17–20.

Q. — Did Herod grant the request?

A. — Mark vi. 27.

Q. — To whom was the head of John brought?

A. — Mark vi. 28.

Q. — What did John's disciples do?

A. — Mark vi. 29.

John the Baptist faithfully prepared the way for Christ. And he was as faithful in the palace as in the wilderness, and willing to be popular or unpopular, to live or to die, to prepare for the coming of the kingdom of heaven.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

A city in a favored land
Of note in times of yore,
Wherein a temple once did stand,
Of beauty great and very grand,
But now it is no more.

A country very powerful,
Once verdant as a garden,
Wherein God's people were enslaved,
Whose kings in cruelty behaved,
Because their hearts did harden.

An uncultivated place
Wherein a mountain stands,
On which God showed his awful face,
While here on earth his law to trace,
And leave to many lands.

A mountain very much renowned,
Wherein the law was given;
While all around God shook the ground
With rolling thunder's awful sound,
And back all things were driven.

Initials take, they quickly spell
A people much despised;
From God's favor once they fell,
And now they offer wares to sell —
Their wares are not much prized.

Little Sower.

Answers.

JULY 22. Methusaleh; On; Sarah; Esther; Sampson. Moses.

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